And that no lawfull meanes can carrie mee
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his furie, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The verie tiranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Iew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke so to,
That thou but leadest this fashion of thy malice
To the last houre of act, and then tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercie and remorse more strange,
Then is thy strange apparant cruelty:
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
(VVhich is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh)
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue,
Forgiue a moity of the principall;
Glancing an eie of pittie on his losses,
That haue of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe,
And plucke commisseration of his state
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborne Turkes, and Tartars neuer train'd
To offices of tender curtesie;
VVe all expect a gentle answer Iew.

Iew. I haue possest your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
To haue the due and forfet of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue

Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that,
But say it is my humor, is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand ducats
To haue it baind? what, are you answered yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat:
And others when the Bagpipe sings i'th nose,
Cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes: now for your answere.
As there is no firme reason to be rendred,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig?
Why he a harmlesse necessary Cat?
Why he a woollen Bagpipe; but of force
Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,
As to offend, himselfe being offended:
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodged hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A losing sute against him; are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer, thou vnfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answere.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Euery offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What wouldst thou haue a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew,
You may as well go stand vpon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his vsuall height,
You may as well vse question with the Wolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heauen:

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